

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haued my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goatie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnas:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all, and leet no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noife?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger,
'Tis in thy sheath, there rust, and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach,

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,

Raife vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground where on these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weeps:
We tooke this *Matrooke* and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild.

Prin. Search,

Seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stoppt her breath:
What further wee conspires against my age?

Prin. Look: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vncaught, what manners in is this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death: meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murder:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, whatt thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Iuliet* pinde.

You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betrosch'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes

To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,

That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,

At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay

The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead,
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And ifought in this misarr'd by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?
Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliet's* death,

And then

To this fa

This Let

And thre

If I depa

Prin.

Where is

Sirra, wh

Page.

And bid

Anon co

And by a

And the

Prin.

Their co

And hee

Of a poo

Came to

Where b

See wha

That He

And I, f

Haue lo

Cap.

This is m

Can I de

Moun.

For I wil

That wh

There sh

As that

Cap.

Poore sa

Prin.

The Sun

Go henc

Some sh

For new

Then th

FINIS.

